Vol. 9 No. 13

Prairie Unitarian Universalist Society of Madison

NEWSLETTER

Upcoming Events:

April 12, Thursday, 7:00 p.m.-The Transactional Analysis Program group will resume meeting this Thursday, April 12, at Sidney Manpering’s house, 3202 Huff St.

April 14, Saturday, 1:00 p.m.-Prairie Garden Club meets this Saturday after lunch, weather permitting at David Carson’s farm. Bring: shovels, string, stakes, hoes and rakes. New people are welcome. Call: Lawrence’s or Willard’s 222-7355. 285-2861.

April 11, Saturday, 8:00 p.m.-The spring time carnival is going to take place soon. It will be held at Ted and Rebecca Clark’s, 1134 Waban Hill at 8 p.m. There will be plenty to do. Food, games, and other services will be paid for with tickets purchased at the door. Bring something special to be sold. All benefits go to the Prairie Social Action Committee.

April 15, Sunday, 10:00 a.m.-Program entitled “Relationship.” Poetry and playreading by Rebecca French and Bob Koehl at the Portal Foster Center.

April 18, Wednesday, 10:00 a.m.-Last sauna of the season to be held at the Karakahlo Inn from 10 till 12 a.m. Contact Milo Koehl for reservations, if you are interested.

April 20, Friday, 7:30 p.m.-Play Reading at Bob Koehl’s, 3907 Fern Court at 7:30 p.m. The play is “Happy Birthday Wanda June,” by Kurt Vonnegut.

April 20, Friday, 8:00 p.m.-All members of the Prairie Society are invited to attend the Good Friday service at the First Society, 900 University Bay Dr. The “Good Friday Story” will include music, dances, and theater folk.

April 22, Sunday, 10:00 a.m.-Family program at the Portal Foster Center called “Communion,” by Bob Koehl. Included is the “Bread Ceremony.”

April 29, Sunday, 10:00 a.m.-“Our Prairie Ministry” Program involving all four PFS lay ministers. At Portal Foster Center.
RELIGIOUS EDUCATION: Easter Sunday, a hi happy church school holiday. A family celebration. On the upstairs wall's a special retrospective: your children's art from the years.

PARENTS, if you or yours have art, craft, or treasures at home, bring them back Sunday on April 15 for show and tell on Easter, to be taken home again after our Easter Morning Celebration.

Theron Caldwell

People that are interested: This week I received some pamphlets prepared by Unitarian Universalist Publications on various topics you might like to react to. These topics or other concerns might inspire you to get a few friends together for discussions. I'd like to remind you that the announcement portion of the Sunday program or this newsletter could help you get in touch with other people who share your concerns. The pamphlets will be put out near the name tags on Sunday mornings.

On the 24th of April, a holiday, PARENTS, if you or your children have

On the up stairs wall's a special retrospective: your children's art from the years.

Bob Koehl
3907 Fern Ct.
Madison, WI 53711
"Wonders"

I wandered,
Wondering
Down a woodland path,
Black the earth,
Rich with an odor of possibilities.
Soft.
Soft and green the new leaves waving
Between the sun-streams
In the crystal air,
Lives lived
Living.
Growing
Yet to grow
Around me,
Aware of me,
Loving me
As I there.

Soft I wandered,
Wondering,
Down the path,
I hear a cascade of crystal tones
Clearly ringing.
Water running
Up ahead.
Many rainbowed tiny freshet
Sudden falling from its course,
Tinkling over little ledge-cliffs
Into a darkened pool,
Tiny wide
Yet ages deep-
Swirling window to a green and sleepy age.

A cave of rubies lies behind
The rippling
Chang-ing
Water-curtain,
Rosy Red.
A fleet of sailing boats
Of silver filagree.
Tiny.
Truly small.
Twenty tiny empty boats with sails of silks
The color of leaves in springtime
Sparkling new.
Twenty tiny singing boats
Singing songs I never can remember
Sail from the cave
Through a gap in its sparkling curtain
Over the window pool.
Down

To the sea.

I rose and pondered,
Wandering
Past my secret freshet with its special songs,
Through the woods so wondrous green.
Into a field
Rich and rare
Hot in the sun of afternoon,
Yellow and orange
Red and green

Smelling of summer,
And there I lie down
To rest,
And enjoy.

As I lay,
The Heavenly Hosts,
The Butterflies
So various and flighty
Came and rested too
Lighting on my hair and shoulders,
And an emerald lizard winked at me.

At that,
I tumbled through the ground
Driven by this lizard winking
Into a friendly burrow,
Humble mouse home,
To wait 'til dark
To let my wings grow stronger.
For they are the green and lacy gossamers
That will help me lift my worldly weight
Up the silvered ladder
One strand wide,
To her feared yet longed for highness,
Children's love,
The moon.

Martha Vance Willard